

# PARIS GRAND TUESDAY, MARCH .... 18

ALL THE WORLD LOVES

"Two Little Love Bees"  
and  
"How I Love a Pretty Face."

FAMOUS "SPRING MAID"  
BEAUTY CHORUS  
Ballet and Metropolitan  
Orchestra.

Werba and Luescher's Coast to Coast Viennese Operetta Success

## THE SPRING MAID

The Bubbling Musical Sensation which captivated New York during its phenomenal run at the Liberty Theatre.

GALA PRESENTATION OF THE SEASON'S MOST NOTABLE LIGHT OPERA EVENT.

COMPANY OF 70

WITH

GENE LUNESKA,  
G. P. MAC SWEENEY,  
ELSIE THOMAS,

J. H. GOLDSWORTHY,  
ETHEL IVIMEY,  
ARTHUR HYDE,

HATTYE FOX,  
HARRY SHORT,  
FRANK WOOLEY.

ALL THE WORLD DANCES:

"Day Dreams"  
and  
"The Fountain Fay."

2 Seasons in New York.

6 months in Chicago.

1 Year in Berlin and Vienna.

PRICES, 35 CENTS TO \$2.00. SEAT SALE AT MITCHELL &amp; BLAKEMORE'S.

He Doesn't Help Much.  
The man who has no faith in anything is about as effective as an empty boiler.

Sterilization by Ozone.  
Ozone works for the sterilization of drinking water have been erected in Germany, France, Italy and Russia.

Beginning All Over Again.  
"Here's where I receive some registered male," said the college widow as she heard the freshman's step on the porch.—Stanford Chaparral.

At Times.  
Ted—"Do you believe that woman should hold the reins?" Ned—"It is all right when you have the girl out in a sleigh."—Judge.

Baldness and Intellect.  
According to the statement of a professor in a German university the percentage of baldness among intellectual men is only two for musical men and sixteen for writers and others.

Simple.  
Gabe—"Why do they say that the ghost walks on pay-day?" Steve—"Because that's the day our spirits rise."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### New Art Store!

I have opened an Art Store next to Mrs. M. A. Paton. New and fresh stock of all kinds of fancy work—

Embroidery,  
Pillow Cases,  
Towels,  
Underwear,  
Waists, Etc.  
Novelties of all Kinds

Stamping Done on Short Notice — Everything guaranteed to be the best. : : : : :

Mrs. W. E. Board

NATIONAL  
5c and 10c Store

SPECIAL  
For Thirty Days

On All  
Wall Paper

And also Putting  
same on Walls.

Must Have Room  
for New Stock.

National 5c and 10c Store  
Watch Our Windows.

### SONNY WAS ON JOB

By EDNA FERBER.

In breezed Emma McChesney. Her quick glance rested immediately upon Meyers and the boy. And in that moment some instinct prompted Jock McChesney to shake his head, ever so slightly, and assume a blankness of expression. And Emma McChesney, with that shrewdness which has made her one of the best salesmen on the road, saw, and miraculously understood.

"How do, Mrs. McChesney," grinned Fat Ed Meyers. "You see, I beat you to it."  
"So I see," smiled Emma, cheerfully. "I was delayed. Just sold a nice little bit to Watkins down the street." She seated herself across the way, and kept her eyes on that closed door.

"Say, kid," Meyers began, in the husky whisper of the fat man, "I'm going to put you wise to something, seeing you're new to this game. See that lady over there?" He nodded discreetly in Emma McChesney's direction.

"Pretty, isn't she?" said Jock, appreciatively.  
"Know who she is?"  
"Well—I—she does look familiar, but—"  
"Oh, come now, quit your bluffing. If you'd ever met that dame you'd remember it. Her name's McChesney—Emma McChesney, and she sells T. A. Buck's featherloom petticoats. I'll give her her dues; she's the best little salesman on the road. I'll bet that girl could sell a ruffled, accordion-plaited undershirt to a fat woman who was trying to reduce. She's got the darndest way with her. And at that she's straight, too."

If Ed Meyers had not been gazing so intently into his hat, trying at the same time to look cherubically benign he might have seen a quick and painful scarlet sweep the face of the boy, coupled with a certain tense look of the muscles around the jaw.

"Well, now, look here," he went on, still in a whisper. "We're both skirt men, you and me. Everything's fair in this game. Maybe you don't know it, but when there's a bunch of the boys waiting around to see the head of the store like this, and there happens to be a lady traveler in the crowd, why, it's considered kind of a professional courtesy to let the lady have the first lookin'. See?"

"I get you," answered Jock.  
"I say, this is business, and good manners be hanged. When a woman breaks into a man's game like this, let her take her chances like a man. Ain't that straight?"

"You've said something," agreed Jock.

"Now, look here, kid. When that door opens I get up. See? And shoot straight for the old man's office. See? Like a duck. See? Say, I may be fat, kid, but I'm what they call light on my feet, and when I see an order getting away from me I can be so fleet that I have Diana looking like old Weston doing a stretch of muddy country road in a coast-to-coast hike. See? Now you help me out on this and I'll see that you don't suffer for it. I'll stick in a good word for you, believe me. You take the word of an old stager like me and you won't go far."

The door opened. Simultaneously three figures sprang into action. Jock had the seat nearest the door. With marvelous clumsiness he managed to place himself in Ed Meyers' path, then reddened, began an apology, stepped on both of Ed's feet, jabbed his elbow into his stomach and dropped his hat. A second later the door of old Sulzberg's private office closed upon Emma McChesney's smart, erect, confident figure.—American Magazine.

Control of Man.  
Circumstances are beyond the control of man; but his conduct is in his own power.—Disraeli.

### BILL'S OLD X-RAY MULE

BY C. G. GRANT.

"I'm just in from Plumville," said the traveling man. "I heard a mule story while I was in that town."

"The city marshal one day last summer said to Big Bill McCune in front of Hickey's grocery: 'Bill, if you don't keep that ol' mule o' your'n off th' streets of this hyar corporation I'll have th' law on ye.'

"Big Bill bit off a whacking big chew of tobacco before he drawled out: 'Well, if you do, I'll git chure goat.'

"That evening Jerry, Big Bill's mule, did not return to the barn. He passed the night in the village pound, a pasture largely infested with weeds and hemmed round with a hedge of tall burdocks.

"The next morning Big Bill started out exploring and soon found Jerry rolling round contentedly in the weeds. They tickled his ribs, which had attained undue prominence while rambling the streets of Plumville in search of juicy grass.

"When Big Bill saw Jerry so contented he said to himself: 'Guess I'll leave the old fellow there for the rest of the week. I'll be out to Hen Calister's, anyway, diggin' that well.'

"That afternoon Aunt Betty Brown happened to pass the lot where old Jerry was nibbling. The sight of the forlorn creature with his sharp horizon outlines touched her heart and she waddled home for something to hide the mule's X-rays. Soon his bone pile was concealed beneath a couple of gunny sacks.

"Every night the city marshal tallied up another day's board against old Jerry. 'At 25 cents a day, that will make pretty high five dollars ag'in th' end of th' month,' he said.

"By the middle of the next month the marshal announced that he would auction off old Jerry to pay for his feed. There was a bill against him for \$7.25 and it was growing larger every day. The auction was set for two o'clock Saturday afternoon.

"Colonel Wilson was auctioneer.

"Crowd up around here, gentlemen!" he shouted. "Now, how much am I offered to start this mule? He's guaranteed not to scare at automobiles or thrashin' machines. He's a family animal through and through. Now, what do I hear to start him?"

"There came a deep silence, while several of the farmers tried to lift the gunny sack that concealed Jerry's striking points.

"Gentlemen," said the colonel, "we sell Jerry just as he stands, fly nets and all. How much am I bid to start him?"

"Twenty-five cents," said old Jack Pemble.

"The colonel fiddled around for ten minutes trying to get another bid, but they were not game sports. 'Twenty-five once, twenty-five twice, twenty-five three times! Are you all done? Sold to Jack Pemble for 25 cents!'

"If you happen to be motoring along the road five miles from Plumville and see an old mule standing patiently near a corn crib while half a dozen children pull themselves up by his ears and slide down over his sides you'll know it's Jack Pemble's place."

Sweet Thing.  
"This piece of lace on my dress is more than fifty years old." "It's beautiful. Did you make it yourself?"

Administrator's Notice.  
All persons having claims against the estate of Samuel Green, deceased, are notified to present same to me properly proven as required by law. Those indebted to the estate will settle promptly and save costs of suit.  
JOE GREEN,  
Administrator of Estate of Samuel Green, Deceased.  
Harm on Stitt, Attorney. 43 wks

### SCENES FROM THE "SPRING MAID" OPERETTA



PRINCESS BOZENA AND PRINCE ALADAR. ANNAMIRL AND BARON RUDI.

At Paris Grand, Tuesday, March 18th

Unappreciated Ardor.  
"Darling!" he cried, passionately, throwing himself upon his knees before her and rolling up his eyes toward the chandelier, "darling, can you not see, can you not guess that I love you?" "Well," she replied, coolly, gazing at the disheveled youth on the rug, "I'd hate to think that this was just your natural way of behaving in company."

Hard to Please.  
Humanity's appetite for applause is so strong that no man can really please himself without pleasing a number of people.

AFRAID OF NUMBER THIRTEEN

Remarkable How Many Really Intelligent People Retain the Idea That It Is Unlucky.

There is much superstitious belief regarding the number 13. President-elect Wilson is not one of those who hold the figure in awe. On the contrary, he says it is a sign of fortune for him, and so it would seem, in that he takes the highest office in the year 1913. There are some who go to extremes in avoiding conflict with anything containing the ominous numeral. A movement has been started in London for the suppression of the number. It has even been suggested that the London county council be petitioned to authorize some change out of deference to the uncourageous. Many people are writing to the London papers suggesting means of escape. One who has been exploring history writes: "I have searched for records of the years 13 B. C., 13 A. D., 1300 and 1313, and find them to have been hopelessly commonplace years, during which the world apparently slumbered tranquilly. The notable event of 1413 was the crowning of Henry V., but he can not be called a disaster. The year 1813 saw the beginning of Napoleon's collapse, but this was a disaster which was confined to Napoleon, and rather a good thing for everybody else. All things considered, I think we may look forward without anxiety to 1913, which opens with the happiest auguries—a boom in trade and the probable collapse of the present government."

Varden & Son, L. A. Soper, Little Rock, D. E. Clark & Co., Millersburg, Ky. (tollof june)

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Daily Thought.  
Misery disposes us to hatred and happiness to love.—Macaulay.



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Woman's Exchange & Cafe

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Home-made Cakes, Breads, Pies, Caudies, Croquettes, Salads, Pickles, Chow-Chow, Etc., received fresh daily.  
We serve Breakfast, Dinner and Supper; also lunches and short orders at all hours with the best the market affords. (28mar6mo)

5 per FARM LOANS!  
cent. \$1,000 to \$100,000

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Desires the pleasure of showing you the best tailoring, the snappy model coats, perfect satisfaction. Order to-day. Have your measure taken for your Spring Suit. See the very finest line of clothes that has ever been shown in this city.

Several Hundred Styles to Select From.

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